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A CONCORD LOVE SONG.

Shall we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
On which I ponder,
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?
Ah, the joyless fleeting,
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting,
Of the flow and why?
Ah, the thingness flying,
From the Hereceness, sighing,
For a love undying,
That rain would die!
Ah, the farness sadd'ning,
The Whitheness madd'ning,
And the But ungladd'ning,
That lie behind!
When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
Of mind to mind.
But the mind porcelveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart relieth
Itself of woe;
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
In the warmer glow.
In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
No Ego there,
But the Meeness dead, love,
The Threeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
An Unness rare!
—James Jeffrey Roche, in Boston Transcript.

THE BACCARAT KING.

Career of a Remarkable Young Man—Heavy Winnings at Paris Gaming Tables—Losses and Final Disappointment—A Promise to Pay all Debts.

William R. Deutsch, well known in many Paris clubs, and who earned two years ago the sobriquet of "Le Roi de Baccarat," sailed in the America from this port to-day for New York. He leaves in Paris, I believe, a rather heavy amount of debts incurred at play, and has gone because he sees no way of recovering his losses and paying the debts already made. The career of the King of Baccarat in Paris has been a remarkable one, and if his wonderful successes were alone considered, his example would be rather an encouragement to the gambler than otherwise; but the interview which we publish below will show the dark, hopeless side of the picture; and its publication is not the least charitable act done by "Billy" Deutsch.

W. R. Deutsch is an American, and was for several years a well-known theatrical manager of New York, having once been prominently connected with Booth's Theaters and with other public places of entertainment of that city. He came to Europe about two and a half years ago, and during the past two years has been a prominent figure at several of the best known Parisian clubs.

The stories told of his play seem almost incredible, but it is certain that he had two years ago one of the most remarkable runs of luck ever known at cards. In August, 1882, Mr. Deutsch won for twenty-eight consecutive days at the Washington and Press Clubs, and during those days his smallest winning was eighteen thousand francs and his highest two hundred and sixty thousand francs. He never lost on any one of these days, and his total winnings were over one million, seven hundred thousand francs. That all of this sum has gone, and much more with it, in two years it is not necessary to say. How it has gone the sumptuous banquet at Delmonico's, New York, in Paris and in London costing thousands and tens of thousands of francs each; still further, heavy and delusory play, and indeed all the extravagances of suddenly acquired wealth, will tell.

A correspondent of the *Morning News* met Mr. Deutsch before his departure and expressed surprise at his going.

"Yes," said Mr. Deutsch; "I am going back after a terrible experience. I have experienced all the ups and downs that a man possibly can, and now I have found the means and the courage to return, to begin life over again. I leave with spirits far from gay, and I am anything except happy. I go to meet abuse at home for my folly, and to hear from Paris that I have been condemned for what is unavoidable. I leave with debts behind—no debts of honor, but some humiliating—which it will take time to pay. All I have left now is my health and what my friends will admit, integrity of purpose."

"How did you manage to get in so bad a position after being worth upwards of two millions of francs?"

"Yes, I was worth two millions francs two years ago. But no man, except one who has made such a sum in one month, knows how to spend it in so short a time. The winner at cards is the most reckless, careless and extravagant man living. He gives right and left, he literally throws money away, and only appreciates his folly when he wants."

"Why did you not buy an annuity or put a sum where you could not get it again and could only draw the interest?"

"My Christian friend, I have seven boxes full of letters of advice; but when I have wanted a hundred francs I seldom got it."

"Is a beautiful world that we live in. To lend, or to spend, or to give in; but to beg or to borrow, or ask for your own. This is the very worst world that ever was known."

"But there is no use of crying for spilt milk, and I do not care to say much about my personal affairs. I only trust that my experience may tend to reform some and discourage others from continuing in the pursuit of what is only a pleasure while Fortune smiles, but is always a vice, and to all ruin. Gamblers have success, but the greater the success the greater the fall and the greater the misery. A

gambler may in a moment of luck win, say two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand francs, but no man will repay him for sleepless nights and for hours of anxiety, for nights made into days. No occupation, legal, political, or mercantile, will pay for the extravagances he must indulge in. While he is in the full tide of pleasure the clouds are near, and the gambler finds his 'hell on earth.' For every hour of pleasure he spends days of misery. The pleasures become only recollections while misery, despair, and often suicide, stare him in the face.

"A man with the passion for play will do anything to procure money in order to recover his losses. He will borrow five thousand francs from his bank, one hundred francs from a friend, five hundred francs from an acquaintance, one hundred francs from a club waiter, twenty francs from the cook, ten francs from a cabby who may have driven him three or four times, and then five francs from anybody to get a dinner or breakfast with. All taste for honest industry leaves you, honor even takes wings and finally you are slighted by your friends and vilified by those you have served."

"You have won and lost large amounts during the past two years, have you not, Mr. Deutsch?"

"Yes; my differences in two years have been fully four million francs—that is, I have won quite two million and lost over two million."

"How much of this went for percentages to the clubs?"

"Well, I should think that at least four hundred thousand or five hundred thousand went into the clubs as percentages. It is only a question of time when the entire capital of a player must be consumed by the proprietors of clubs, and the various fees, etc., necessary. Play at Paris clubs means certain ruin if a man keeps at it long enough. They must in time ruin every man who plays at them, and they will finally consume all the capital or drive away the capitalists."

"What do you mean by ruining all the players?"

"I mean simply this: Take ten players each with ten thousand francs, or five hundred louis. They take alternately banks each of an average of fifty louis, which costs two louis to the cante for each bank. Now they can deal fifty banks a day, which makes one hundred louis to the cante, and thus in a certain number of days easily calculated the entire party must have lost the entire sum they went in with. Outside of this, the taxes are terrible. In the first place there are the dues of the club; second, the man who deals a bank at baccarat of ten louis must give one louis to the house, or ten per cent. of the original investment. If he loses, the players against him win but nine louis. If he wins but one louis in his bank, the players have lost two louis, and the banker wins nothing. Then if a man has occasion to ask credit at the cante he has to pay one louis per day for every fifty louis he has lost.

"The charges at carte at the clubs are even worse. Five francs have to be paid for each pass, so that it is easily possible for two players to play and both lose. I have played with a gentleman forty-six games at one louis a game. My opponent won twenty-two and I won twenty-four times. At the finish, therefore, I had won two louis from my friend, but we had paid five francs for each pass—I paying six louis altogether and my friend five and a half louis, so that the net loss was nine and a half louis. I lost four louis and my friend seven and a half."

"There is no chance for any one unless he has a remarkable run of luck and then stops. But who will do this? No one has a right to play except the man with unlimited capital and the man with nothing."

"Besides the proprietors of clubs, some of the servants in the gambling rooms have made large sums, have they not?"

"Yes; there is a garcon at a club in Paris who, twelve or fourteen years ago, was an ordinary servant at a hundred francs a month. By small loans of a louis or fifty francs, charging tremendous interest to players, he built up a fortune valued at from four to seven million francs. He drives fine horses, has coachmen and footmen, a splendid hotel, and some of the most priceless pictures in France."

After a few further remarks of minor interest on the subject of his experience, and with expressions of hope for the future, Mr. Deutsch took his departure. —*Have Cor. Paris Morning News.*

Exploring Hudson's Bay.

The Canadian Government intends to make a thorough exploration of the great inland sea that occupies so large a portion of North America. The country bordering upon Hudson's Bay has heretofore been of value merely for its fur crop; but the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which is being constructed through the wilderness between Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay, has called attention to the industrial and commercial possibilities of the latter. There is said to be a wheat region north and northwest of Minnesota and Dakota, large enough to supply all the world with flour. At any rate, the Canadian Government has appointed experienced scientists to reveal to the world the exact value of the region surrounding Hudson's Bay. This is a matter of interest to us, for the time cannot be distant when all North America will be ours. There is no natural boundary between the United States and the Dominion. The latter is militarily indefensible, and its continuance as a dependency of Great Britain is an anachronism. —*Demorest's Monthly.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—P. T. Barnum began his show life as an advertising agent, for Turner's circus. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—General W. T. Sherman now considers that he has passed through all the trials of an American citizen. He lately umpired a base ball game.

—Augustine Daily is to be responsible for an innovation—the employment of negro ushers in his theater during the coming season. —*N. Y. Star.*

—John Hornsby, of Worth County, Georgia, is still his mother's baby boy, the youngest of the flock. His age is sixty and his mother is one hundred and five.

—Solomon McCabe, who was a wealthy colored man of Baltimore, has left in his will all his property for the founding of an aged people's home. —*Baltimore American.*

—A St. Louis lawyer says a marriage license is not necessary in Missouri. An agreement to live together as man and wife is all that the law requires. —*St. Louis Globe.*

—Lieutenant Danenhower, of Arctic fame, has been assigned to take charge of the departments of electricity, meteorology, and natural philosophy at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

—Mrs. Jennings, a very old lady living near Athens, Ga., lately had a couple of bushels of wheat of different kinds that she wanted to save for seed. The two bushels got mixed together, and she separated it by picking it out grain at a time. —*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—In middle life Mr. Gladstone formulated to himself rules for chewing food. Thirty-two bites were to be given to each mouthful of meat, certain less numbers to fish, bread, etc. These rules he has since closely adhered to, and he has trained his children to do the same.

"There is a young lady in Atlanta," fervently remarks the *Constitution* of that city, "whose eyes are greatly admired, and yet no one can tell their color. There is nothing like them unless it be the brown furrows which sometimes be heaped up in a belt of far-off sky at twilight."

"Captain Joe," the local chief of the Washoe Indians, says there is a squaw living in the outskirts of Carson, Nev., who is nearly one hundred and fifty years old. Her grandson, at the age of ninety, was one of General Fremont's guides when he crossed the Plains. —*Chicago Herald.*

—Mrs. Mackey, the wife of the California bonanza man, it is said, gives away one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in charity every year. Her benevolence recently led to a pathetic appeal from a Paris woman, whose daughter was about to be married, for any "old diamonds or rubies" she could spare. —*San Francisco Call.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The woman who made a pound of butter out of the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness has since washed the close of a year.

"I suppose," he remarked, as he returned from the barber shop with his hair cropped closely to his head, "you will call attention now to the size of my ears."

"Oh, no," she replied sweetly, "that would be altogether unnecessary, dear." —*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Two ladies had had a little tiff, and one of them remarked as she departed: "Well, as I told my husband this morning, I shouldn't care to be in your shoes."

"I imagine not," the other one responded. "You would find them painfully close fitting." —*N. Y. Sun.*

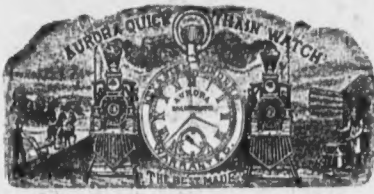
—Colonel Wilson is a fine-looking man, ain't he?" said a friend the other day. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once." "You! why, you are as ugly as sin." "I don't care for that; I indorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the Sheriff." —*Texas Siftings.*

"What name does your husband call you by?" said a bride to a friend who had been married several years. "Does he call you ducky or lovey? My darling calls me ducky." "Does he?" Mine used to call me popsey-wopsey, but he doesn't use that term now." "What does he call you then?" "He calls me, 'Say, there!'" —*Somerville Journal.*

—Pianist—"Which part of my rhapsody did you most enjoy?" Ignoramus—"Which part?" "Yes, which movement?" "Oh! the last one." "Ah! that is the presto." "Presto? What a queer name!" "Do you think so?" "Yes. Up our way when a man gets up, bends his back, smiles to the audience and walks off we call it a bow." —*Philadelphia Call.*

—Sniffkins had come home rather late, and when about half way up the first flight had concluded he would just as soon sleep there as anywhere, but Mrs. S. appeared at the top and began: "Jacob! No answer. 'Jacob, don't you hear me call you?' 'Yes, I'm dear. Nothin' but two pair, six's up.' And somehow the next morning he couldn't seem to persuade her that he had been at the store balancing the books." —*Boston Post.*

—"If you've got a clam hoe," said an impatient guest at a seaside hotel, "I'll go out and dig some myself. I ordered clam chowder twenty minutes ago, and I must take a train that leaves in half an hour." "Lord bless you, sir, we don't want clams. We never use any. We wash the dishes. We want the dish-water, we do." "What in heaven's name do you do with dish-water?" "Please, sir, we put it into the clam chowder for thickening." —*Boston Globe.*



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His JEWELRY HOUSE is ahead of anything in the business. He has the largest stock of the Latest Styles, and the finest quality of goods, and lower prices than any other house. His workmanship cannot be excelled, and his experience has been nearly a quarter of a century.

SIGN—"BIG TOWN CLOCK,"

Main Street, Opp. Court House, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Velveteens and Ribbed Cloths.

Velveteen is a marvel as at present produced and is bound to still more largely supersede velvet for all the purposes for which the latter is used. The Nonpareil remains the popular brand of velveteen and comes in all the new choice colors of the season. Some of these are lovely. All the green shades, the various blue and garnet tints are very handsome, and it is with difficulty that an expert can detect the rich black Nonpareil at two dollars the yard from Lyons velvet at ten dollars. The first will certainly wear better than the latter. For complete dresses, suits, jackets, basques, overdresses, children's clothing and the like, it is in every way desirable and looks as well as Lyons velvet at a fifth of the cost. This velveteen will be much used for redingotes, lined with satin surah. It is equally as handsome as Lyons velvet, and can not be distinguished from it, except that the pile does not rub up or pull out nor flatten so easily. The sarsaparil poplins brought out for the early fall trade exhibit some of the characteristics of the old-time Irish poplins, but are decidedly finer in quality and softer in texture. They have a lustrous surface finish, which renders them particularly desirable for handsome costumes, and come in all the new tones of favorite colors.

Slightly ribbed cloth is more largely imported than the smooth habit, cloth, and the rough bourette bison cloths will be worn again this winter. A new effect is given these by the arranging of threads in small cross-bars. Gray blue is a new shade in which these cloths appear, which is called Gordon blue, and there are bright greens which are called Little Duke green, and the cresson green, already familiar to our ladies. Those most admired are the mordore, or golden brown, the dahlia, prune and plum shades, the red plum, and blue or daisy tint. Some of the recent woollens show broadened figures like velvet, and others have large balls of loosely woven silver or gilt threads arranged on separate breadths, so that they will be only used at the foot of the skirt, and there are bars and cross-bars of tinseled wool in the same way. In some instances the trimming for the new cloths is arranged on the dress pattern, and consists of bands of Astrakhan cloth, or designs in velvets outlined with Ecureuil cord. Another style shows the new cable-cord put on in borders, and fringed out fluffily at the ends. The Astrakhan bands are used as a border put on the foot of the skirt and on the jacket, and from six to ten inches deep. Another style is to place the Astrakhan bands across the entire front and side of the skirt, below a short apron drape. Wide velvet ribbon may be used in this way on cloth dresses, and there are vines of applique figured velvet for the same purpose.

French cashmeres come in all the new shades, with tiny silk figures that look very much like embroidery, but these are only to be used for the basque or parts of the skirt, while the plain cashmere makes the foundation of the dress. One pretty piece is in Gordon blue, with embroidered spots of red with a gold rim. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Locomotion of Shells.

The great conch, or strombus, has a veritable sword that it thrusts out, jerks into the ground, and by a muscular effort jerks itself along, making a decided leap. The squids, that are the brightest forms of mollusks, leap entirely clear of the water, often several feet. They are the ink-bearers, and from their ink-bags comes the sepia used by artists, while their bone is the cuttle-fish bone of commerce. Many of the cockles have a method of flying through the water that is quite novel. They are generally beautifully colored, and have long, streaming tentacles, and suddenly, without warning, they dart up from the bottom, and by a violent opening and shutting of their valves rush away with their long, reddish hair streaming after them, presenting a very curious appearance. The shell known as the Lima Nians is particularly remarkable for these flights, and all the scallops are jumpers and leapers. When placed in a boat they have been known to leap out, and the ordinary scallop has been known to jump out of a pot when placed upon a stove. A description of the different methods by which shells move would fill a volume. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

British Gulana Forests.

In the quiet reaches of the river between the cataracts the scenery was extremely beautiful, but the thickness of the forest made it impossible, except when very near the shore, to distinguish the picturesque kinds of vegetation peculiar to the tropics from the vast wall of green which hedged us in. It was only when taking our midday rest, or at our camps for the night, that I was able to study the flora around me and note the beauty and profusion of its forms. Orchids were abundant enough, and, although I saw no species of great rarity, yet several kinds which were in flower at the time were very lovely. Bromelias and tillandsias grew in thousands, and the immense leaves of the pithos were seen everywhere. In one or two places I noticed the rare and beautiful climbing palm (desmodium), and in the open parts of the forest were great numbers of caladiums, the varicolored leaves of which are so familiar in our hothouses.

Animal life was in no way prominent, although there could be no doubt that the forest was thickly peopled, for at night as we sat around the camp-fire or lay in our hammocks many were the weird sounds that came from the thick jungle near by. The nightly concert was usually started by the bo'sun, a large cicada, who sat in the tree-tops and blew a tremulous whistle which could be heard to a great distance. He was followed by the hylas, or tree-toads, who gave vent to every conceivable sound, from that of the sawing of wood to the clanking of many chains, and were accompanied in their vocal efforts by their relations in the marshes, who kept up a deep and not unmusical bass. All night long the goatsuckers never desisted from their melancholy moaning, and once in awhile a strange, mournful wail came from the forest, causing us to start and shiver as we heard it. It was the note of the bird called lost soul. Once or twice the loud, deep roar of the jaguar was heard, and it never failed to cause a panic among the Indians, who invariably moved their hammock-poles nearer the water or raised the hammocks higher in the trees to be out of the tiger's reach should he pass our way. Out of all the appalling, blood-curdling sounds that were heard in these tropical woods none could equal the noise that came from the throat of the red-coated, black-faced, howling monkey (myctes seneculus), the "baboon" of the colony. Occasionally some of these baboons favored us with a little rehearsal during the night, but it was towards morning that the concert itself began, and then, until I became accustomed to it, there was no more sleep for me. Words are inadequate to describe the sound which these animals produce. It is something between a howl and a roar, with an occasional grunt thrown in, the whole being delivered with about the intensity of a fog-whistle, and the concert being participated in by baboons for miles around. When all these fellows are attending strictly to business the result in the way of a noise may be imagined.

Tracks of the tapir were several times seen in marshy places near the river bank, and I sometimes got a shot at flocks of the little, red sackawink monkeys, which were very common on this river. Iguanas called "Waimuka" by the Indians, frequently tumbled from the branches into the stream when we paddled near the shore, and on two occasions some of our men brought in peccaries, or bush-hogs, which they had shot with their arrows near our camp, and which proved a most welcome addition to our larder, notwithstanding their rankness; but visible game was scarce, and a man would have had a poor living who depended on his gun for support. —*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

She Got What She Liked.

She was young, and sweet, and poetic, and he was young and mischievous. They were sitting out on the veranda in the moonlight and she grew ethereal.

"Oh, how I love to sit out here in the moonlight," she cooed; "to be fanned by the languorous perfumes of the roses and to be kissed by the soft airs from the South!"

Then he kissed her and she grew indignant. "How dare you?" she almost sobbed. "Why, I'm a soft heir from the South," he replied, contritely. She didn't say anything when he kissed her again. —*Washington Hatchet.*

The Legend of Star Island.

During the troublesome times before and subsequent to the revolution the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, were the resort and hiding places of the freebooters who haunted the northern coast, and these silent rocks, if they could speak, would tell many a tale of bloody cruelty and gloomy wrong. The pirates used to come here to divide and hide their booty, and melt up the silverplate they captured from the colonists along the coast.

For a long time it was supposed that bushels of doubloons were buried in the gaping crevices of the rocks, or the little caves that have been eaten out of the ledge by the restless tide; but the place was thoroughly searched by several generations of fishermen, and nothing more valuable than a rusty cutlass or a bust blunderbuss was ever found.

The grandames tell how Captain Kydd came here often "as he sailed as he sailed," and there are legends of other pirates quite as fierce and free as he. The Star Island used to be haunted by a beautiful specter with long white robes and golden tresses reaching to his heels, who used to come out of some undiscovered cavern at dawn and shadowing her eyes with a hand that was as white and beautiful as a lily's bosom, gaze off upon the sea in hopeless expectancy of the return of a clipper that sailed away and never came back again.

The story goes that a bloody-hearted old pirate, being pursued by a cruiser, brought his beautiful mistress here and left her while he went out to battle, telling her that by dawn he would be back again, but he came not, not even till now. She died of starvation, but her faithful spirit still comes to the summit of the island as the sun rises each morning, to meet the corsair, who never returned.

There are eight of the islands, the smallest being as large, or rather as small, as a city building lot, and the largest containing only a couple of hundred acres—nothing but bare, lifeless rocks, carved by the incessant waves into strange grotesqueness, and covered by no vegetation except low clinging vines and the New England blueberry. Four of the islands are inhabited, the largest, the Appledore, bears a hotel and a few cottages. Star Island has another hotel and a small settlement of fishermen, a third has a few fishermen's huts, and the fourth has a bold, white lighthouse springing out of its crest. They were discovered by Captain John Smith, the friend of Pocahontas, who in 1614 explored the New England coast in an open boat, and spent some time here making repairs and resting.

On Star Island stands the only monument erected in America to Captain John Smith it is a rude affair—a prismatic-shaped shaft of marble, upon a pedestal of sandstone, inscribed at length with the record of his valorous deeds, and some cyclopedias say he is buried here, but that is a mistake. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Hawaii in Houses.

The houses of Honolulu are always open, day and night, as the temperature is so warm that one has to sleep out of doors, as it were, to get enough fresh air. They are built mostly of wood, though many of the oldest and more substantial houses are built of coral stone, a few of lava stone, and many may yet be seen within the limits of Honolulu made of grass and occupied by the natives. These native huts or houses are built by making a framework of bamboo poles covered with layers of the banana tree, the trunk of which can be removed in layers. This again is covered with grass and trimmed on the corners and top by weaving the grass into different patterns. One opening or door usually admits enough light and air for the average native, though some huts are divided into several rooms, with two and sometimes three doors. A mat hung down on the inside, covering the opening, is the common door. Mats made of broad grass interwoven or braided, and sometimes flags form the carpets, and a pile of from two to ten, and sometimes even more, make the bed on which the natives and invited guests sleep. Furniture there is none, the natives always sitting on the ground with their legs crossed beneath them. Their kitchen is outside, and is composed of a heap of stones and ordinarily an iron pot. —*Boston Transcript.*

The Daily South Kentuckian.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM, EDITOR.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1884.



"QUININE JIM."

Puts Life and Metal into the Democrats of Bath.

[Owensville Outlook.]

Last Saturday was a glorious day for the Democracy of this county. Such a rejuvenating and vitalizing administration of one thing needful, they have not had for a long, long time. The effect was electrical and has awakened the party to greater activity than has been the case for many years. The largest audience that has assembled in our court house for eight years past, greeted the Hon. Jas. A. McKenzie on Saturday evening last and was held enchanted by his matchless eloquence for very nearly two hours. The speaker's style is perfectly original, and consequently very refreshing. Leaving the beaten paths that have been beaten down to the bed rock by so-called orators of ages gone before, he boldly blazes his way through virgin forests of eloquence, keeping his hearers in a delightful suspense throughout. He dealt with the main questions before the country at this time in a fair, yet forcible manner, offending no one and convicting all. The speech has done much good, and if ever Mr. McKenzie is billed for another in this place, it will take a room several times larger than the one in which he spoke last Saturday to hold the audience.

Fools Not All Dead Yet.

[Henderson (Ky.) Journal.]

About two weeks since Cooper's Circus exhibited in Corydon, this county. While there two of its leading spirits indulged in a little "casting of anchors, to the windward," which resulted in Mr. Raymond, an elderly citizen, coming out minus \$1,700. The circumstances are absolutely these: The two circus men aforesaid called upon Mr. Raymond, one of them introducing himself as the cashier of a bank in a Bluegrass county (where Mr. R. formerly resided), and agent for the Louisiana lottery, introducing his friend as the attorney of the concern. The two then proposed to allow Mr. Raymond, as a "prominent citizen," to arrange that he should draw three thousand dollars, and while talking and arranging the scheme, a third stranger appeared and asked to be admitted as a partner with Mr. Raymond. The "cashier" and "attorney" then stated that as an evidence of reliability and responsibility, the two applicants should show as much as \$3,000. The "volunteer partner" drew \$1,300 out of his pocket as all that he had. Mr. Raymond then proposed to fill out the balance by putting up several hundred dollars in cash, borrowing six hundred more and coming to Henderson borrowed seven hundred additional from the bank. While the money was spread out on a table a squabble ensued during which the attorney skipped out with the cash. The cashier apologized and gave his note for the amount, requesting silence. This request was unwisely granted until a few days since, when the facts leaked out. All three of the strangers (in partnership of course) have left for parts unknown and having ample time are no doubt in a safe hiding-place ere this.

There are seven presidential tickets in the field. Now the tramps of the country have great encouragement for nominating a ticket. A good ticket with cold chicken as the platform would call out a strong vote. —State Journal.



Walter Q. Gresham.

SUCCESSOR TO MR. FOLGER, AS SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The newly appointed Secretary of the Treasury, Walter Q. Gresham, was born near Corydon, Indiana, in the year 1833. He was a student at Bloomington University, but did not complete the course and graduate. After leaving college he read law, was admitted to the Bar, and opened an office. In 1860 he was elected to the Indiana Legislature, where he took an important part in promoting legislation necessitated by the war of the Union. Entering the army he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-Eighth Regiment, and subsequently Colonel of the Fifty-third. At the siege of Vicksburg he acted as Brigadier-General. The wound in the left leg from which he still suffers, was received before Atlanta. It necessitated his retirement from military duty for nearly a year. Mr. Gresham afterwards acted as military commander of the Natchez District, and put down the cotton slaves infesting it with a stern hand. In 1866 he was a candidate for Congress against Speaker Kerr, and succeeded in reducing the Democratic majority in the district. President Grant not finding it practicable to make him Secretary of the Interior appointed him Collector at New Orleans. Subsequently Mr. Gresham was appointed to succeed the late Judge McDonald as United States District Judge. He was holding that position when nominated for Postmaster-General in April, 1883. In 1880 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the United States Senate. As Postmaster-General he gave great satisfaction, and his appointment to succeed Mr. Folger as Secretary of the Treasury is generally approved. Secretary Gresham has never been conspicuous as a party man. He worked for the nomination of Brewster to the Presidency, in 1876, and of General Grant in 1880. This year he was himself spoken of as a "dark horse" for the Republican nomination.

He is a handsome man, tall, dark-complexioned and possessing well-cut features. His ability as a public speaker is superior, and he is well-equipped for usefulness by superior natural ability and more than considerable learning.

VARIETIES OF CATS.

The varieties of the cat are very numerous; it is either entirely black (black and white); black, fulvous and white (called tortoise-shell or Spanish cat); entirely white; fulvous and white; dun color or tawny, either plain or striped; tabby, boldly striped; slate colored or blue-gray (called the Chartreux cat); with very long fur, especially on the neck and tail (the Persian cat) long hair of silvery whiteness and silky texture (called the Angora cat) and lastly, with penciled or tufted ears, like a lynx, which sometimes, though rarely, takes place. Of the above varieties, the Persian, the Angora, and gray Malta varieties are the most remarkable. The Isle of Man produces the tailless cat, a very curious variety. When these are crossed with the ordinary tailed cat the progeny exhibits the intermediate stages between tail and no tail. From long local usage the word "tabby" is applied indiscriminately to almost all varieties of cats after they have passed out of kittenhood. —Troy Times.

Three-Quarters of all the Sewing Machines Sold Throughout the World Last Year Were "SINGERS."

The new "Improved Family" Machine with Oscillating Shuttle is the latest production, and is specially adapted to all kinds of family sewing. It is almost noiseless and runs so lightly that a child could operate it for hours without fatigue, has a high arm with abundance of room; is self-threading; has a self-setting needle and a shuttle that can be threaded without removing it from the machine. W. C. STOCKTON, Agent.

For the Singer Mfg. Co.
OFFICE—Cor. Virginia and Spring streets, Hopkinsville, Ky.

FAIR PROGRAM.

FOURTH DAY.

HARNESS STOCK.

Best Stallion, 3 years old and under 4	\$10 00
" " 2 years old and under 4	10 00
" " 1 years old and under 3	10 00
" " 1 year old and under 2	5 00
" Mare, 4 years old and over	20 00
" " 3 years old and under 4	10 00
" " 2 years old and under 3	10 00
" " 1 year old and under 2	5 00
" Pair Harness Mares, to be owned by same party prior to Oct. 1st	20 00
" Single Harness Gelding, aged	15 00
" " 3 years old and under 4	10 00
" " 2 years old and under 3	10 00
" " 1 year old and under 2	10 00
" driven as a span	20 00
" Saddle and Harness Horse combined, without regard to age or sex	Silver Pitcher 20 00

EXTRA RING.

Best Roadster Stallion, to be shown in inside ring, also on the track, style, character and speed to be considered. 4 entries required and twenty per cent Entry Fee Charged. Premium \$100 00

SWEETSTAKES.

Best Harness Animal any age or sex. Pitcher \$25 00
Director in charge, G. W. Means.

Judges—T. H. Grinter, Trigg county, Dr. J. C. Whitlock, W. T. Radford, Jas. Parfitt, Christian county. C. W. Ware, Todd county.

EXTRA RING.

Fancy Team, driven together regardless of sex or color, 3 entries required and ten per cent. entrance fee. Premium \$250 00

TROTTER RACE.

Free for all. Mile heats best 2 in 3, 5 or more to enter and 3 to go.
First Premium \$200 00
Second Premium 150 00
Third Premium 100 00
All trots to be under Rules of National Trotting Association of which this Association is a member.

RUNNING RACE.

Free for all. Mile heats, best two in three. Five or more to enter and three to go.
First Premium \$200 00
Second Premium 100 00
Third Premium 50 00
Race to be governed by Louisville Jockey Club Rules. All entries must be made by 10 o'clock, first day of the Fair, positively.
SPECIAL PREMIUM BY DR. BEN S. WOOD.

Best Colt, any age or sex, foal of year 1884, by Mambrino Forrest, Silver Urn \$50 00

OPERA HOUSE!

A. D. Rodgers, Manager.

TO-NIGHT!

THE HOPKINSVILLE FAVORITE!

KATIE PUTNAM,

SUPPORTED BY HER OWN EXCELLENT COMEDY COMPANY.
Programme Changed Each Evening.
Reserved Seats at Gaither's Drug Store, 75 Cents.

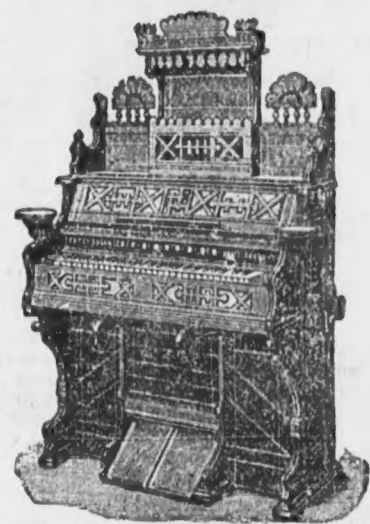
ESTEY ORGAN

Acknowledged the world over as the best, and so far superior to all others that no comparison is possible. IT LEADS ALL OTHERS in new improvements, new styles, delightful tone, and superior workmanship.

Reliable Agents Wanted, to whom we offer extra inducements.

We are also Wholesale Agents for DECKER BROS., CHICKERING, HAINES, MATHUSHEK, SIMPSON & CO., ESTEY & CAMP and CAMP & CO. Pianos, and CAMP & CO. Organs—the best low-priced Organ in the market.

Catalogues and all information cheerfully given.



ESTEY & CAMP,

203 N. Broadway (5th St.).

CHICAGO HOUSE,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

188 & 190 State St.

The Above Cut Represents the Organ Given Away in Our Newspaper Drawing To-day.

NORWOOD, CAMPBELL & RODGERS,

FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS,

—REPRESENT—

THE PHOENIX, of Hartford.
THE ROYAL, of England.
THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE, of England.
THE HARTFORD, of Hartford.
THE GERMAN-AMERICAN, of New York.
THE GERMAN, of New York.
THE NIAGARA, of New York.
THE NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS AGENCY.
THE CONNECTICUT, of Hartford.
OVER \$60,000.00 FIRE ASSETS.

INSURE

all classes of Property Against Fire, Lightning and Wind, or Tornadoes, and solicit the business of Christian County Farmers and Business men.
OFFICE Over Bank of Hopkinsville.

Young & Caldwell,

Tin, Sheet-Iron AND Copper Works.

—AND—

Plain and Ornamental Slate Roofing.

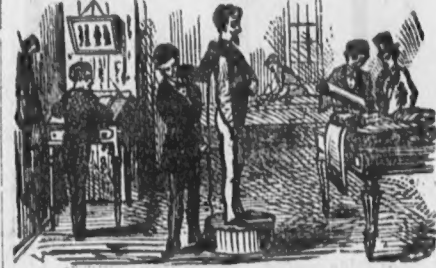
—AND—

TIN ROOFING & GUTTERING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE, AND AT Lowest Prices!

We make Country Work a specialty. We have our own Wagon, consequently, farmers have no trouble when they have us do their work.

COME AND SEE US.
Shop on Spring Street, in rear of Frankel & Sons.

F. C. MCCARROLL,



Merchant Tailor,

—OPPOSITE—

PHOENIX HOTEL.

See his fine line of

IMPORTED GOODS

—IN—

FLORAL HALL.

S. C. BUCKNER. J. C. WOOLDRIDGE

Buckner & Wooldridge,

—PROPRIETORS—

MAIN ST. FIRE-PROOF TOBACCO WAREHOUSE

—MAIN STREET—

HOPKINSVILLE, - KY.

Special attention paid to Inspection and Sale of Tobacco. Liberal Advances made on Tobacco. All Tobacco advanced on will be insured at owners' expense. All Tobacco not advanced on will be insured also at owners' expense, unless we have written orders not to insure. After sold it will be held at the risk of the buyer. Sales every Wednesday and Thursday.

G. E. GAITHER. PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

East Side Main St., HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KY.

—A full and Complete stock of—

DRUGS, TOILET ARTICLES, BOOKS AND SCHOOL

Supplies, Paints, Oils, Etc.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

GIVE ME A CALL.

G. E. GAITHER,

FINEST WHISKIES,

Brandies, Wine, Champagne

CIGARS

Always on hand at the

Phoenix Hotel Bar.

J. M. TANDY, Proprietor.

My Bar will be kept open day and night during the Fair. Drinks of all kinds and descriptions prepared to suit the taste of the most fastidious. Don't fail to call on me when you are in the city, and enjoy yourself.

J. M. TANDY.

McCAMY, BONTE & CO.,

Carriage Makers

And Dealers in Farming Implements & Harvesting Machinery.

FACTORY, SPRING STREET, NEAR MAIN.

HOPKINSVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY,

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, OR MAKE TO ORDER.

Fine Carriages, Rockaways, Buggies, Etc., Etc.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

While attending the fair remember that Alex Anderson keeps the choicest lot of family Groceries to be found in the city and would be glad to have you call on him. He also has a bar supplied with the best Whiskies, Wines and Fresh Cool Beer, which he would have you sample. He keeps on Virginia St.

Graded Jersey Heifers FOR SALE.

I will offer for sale to the highest bidder at the FAIR GROUND.

FRIDAY OCT. 3rd.

10 Fine Graded Jerseys Heifers.

F. L. Waller.

The Daily South Kentuckian.

OFFICE—NASHVILLE ST., BET. MAIN AND VA.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1884.

VISITORS IN THE CITY.

Mr. Geo. E. Gary, Bowling Green.
Miss Hallie Rives, Lafayette.
Mrs. A. H. Watkins, Beverly.
Hon. Jas. F. Clay, Henderson.
Hon. Polk Laffoon, Madisonville.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Linek, Nashville.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Gill, Clarksville.

Mrs. Emma E. L. Davison, Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ware, Haden-ville, Ky.

Mrs. Sugg and Miss Carrie McCutcheon, Haden-ville.

Mrs. Ellen Morrow, Paducah at Mrs. Pauline Lander's.

Miss May Yount, at Mr. D. H. Merritt's.

HERE AND THERE.

The attendance yesterday was larger than any yet.

Kelly's big town clock keeps both the standard and sun time.

The Annual Hop last night as all that its managers could have hoped for.

The cisterns have given out at the Fair grounds and water will be water-to-day.

The shooting gallery, the cane man and the several other concerns are making money.

Our premium organ is on exhibition at McPherson's music store. Call and see it.

The schools turned out in force Friday and the amphitheatre fairly swarmed with children.

Our drawing will take place this afternoon. Tickets will be issued until five minutes before the distribution.

Several of the races yesterday were very interesting and exciting. Some more good ones are on the program for to-day.

The cadets of the South Kentucky College were out in their handsome new uniforms Friday and the boys presented quite a manly appearance.

Messrs. Clay and Laffoon spoke at the court house last night for an hour and a quarter each. We will notice their discussion in our regular issue Tuesday.

The SOUTH KENTUCKIAN drawing will not come off till after dinner Saturday. You can get tickets up to five minutes before the distribution.

M. D. Kelly takes the lead in the Jewelry business, you will find more real Mechanical skill displayed in his works than in any similar house in the State.

Miss Katie Pxtnam delighted a large audience last night in "Old Curiosity Shop." She will close her engagement to-night with "Sun Light" a new and popular play, never before presented here.

When you come to the Fair bring along an extra \$2.00 to subscribe for the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN, which gives you the news twice a week in addition to a ticket in our free distribution of prizes, which takes place Saturday.

Everyone should call in to see G. E. Gaither, the druggist, while visiting the Fair, as he has the nicest and most complete drug store in the city, which is supplied with an elegant line of toilet articles, books, etc. He can also furnish you the finest smoking cigar to be found anywhere.

G. E. Gaither, the druggist, whose headquarters are in the Howe building, has the best facilities for filling prescriptions in the city. His drugs are all fresh, and his many years of experience, have made him an expert as a pharmacist. Call and see him.

Messrs. McCamy, Bonte & Co., are agents for M. & J. Rumsey who sent Mr. C. Austin, an expert, to the Fair to exhibit their new Rumsey Traction Engine recently sold to Mr. A. M. Henry. Their enterprise is certainly commendable.

Take care of your Liver. A great number of the diseases to which mankind are liable arise from a disordered condition of this organ. Keep it in a sound and healthy condition and you can defy disease. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS are especially adapted for this purpose, being composed of drugs which act on the Liver, giving it tone and strength to withstand malaria.

BANG! BANG!!

Rang out two Pistol Shots at 1 O'clock Friday and Frank Douglass was a Corpse at the Fair Grounds Gate.

At 1 o'clock Friday afternoon two pistol shots rang out in quick succession just outside the front gate of the Fair Grounds and as the smoke curled above the heads of the spectators, Frank Douglass, col., gave a few gasps and groans and died weltering in his blood from two pistol shot wounds inflicted by a weapon in the hand of Nick Gibson, a white man. A representative of the South Kentuckian was one of the first to reach the spot and he found Douglass lying under a gambling tent in the agonies of death with blood gushing from his mouth and oozing from a bullet-hole in his stomach. The dying man was moved into a shade and soon died without ever being conscious after being shot. A crowd of negroes was around the tent where the killing occurred and they told so many conflicting stories that it was impossible to get at the facts. It was evident that they were biased in their opinions and disposed to make the affair out a cold blooded murder. After considerable inquiry the reporter succeeded in finding a reliable eye-witness, in the person of Mr. J. R. Hicks, of this county. Mr. Hicks said he was standing close by when the shooting took place. Douglass was manipulating a "chuck luck" box at the tent just in front of the gate. Gibson came up and took a risk in the game. If in throwing the dice three sixes were thrown Gibson was to be paid \$3. Three sixes were thrown and Gibson claimed the money. Douglass refused to pay it over, claiming that there was a cocked die and that it must be tried over. Gibson cursed Douglass and told him that he intended to have the \$3 or kill him, to which Douglass replied with an oath, at the same time drawing a pistol. "If you can shoot quicker than I can, light in." Quick as a flash Gibson snatched out a self-cocking Smith & Wesson and sent a bullet into the upper part of Douglass' stomach before the latter could pull the trigger of his weapon. Douglass fell back and his hat fell off and Gibson's second shot went through the falling hat and struck in the corner of his mouth and passed through his head. Douglass dropped his pistol after the first shot. These seem to be the facts in the case. Both wounds were necessarily fatal. Immediately after the shooting, Gibson ran towards the hill on Russellville street. He was followed by a crowd of negroes, but he fired one or two shots at the pursuers and they quickly gave up the chase. Several officers were close by and they followed him and captured him in the suburbs of the city. His pistol was empty when he was caught. The prisoner is now in jail and claims that he acted in self-defense. Another man said to be a half-brother of Gibson's was arrested and clubbed over the head by some negroes who thought he was Gibson. His head is badly gashed, but it is only a scalp wound. This man—Henry Brewer by name—is also in jail, charged with being accessory after the fact in trying to aid Gibson to escape. The men are residents of the Fairview neighborhood and Gibson is, we believe, a cousin to a man of the same name who was indicted for murder by the last grand jury but who has never been caught.

Nick Gibson, the principal in Friday's tragedy, is a young man, heavy-set and swarthy with a black moustache.

The negro killed lived in this city and appeared to be about 35 years old. He worked in one of the ware-houses and was regarded as a very good negro, except that he had a propensity for carrying pistols and was rather turbulent in his disposition.

Of course the case will have to rest on its merits when the facts are brought out in the examining trial. There will doubtless be contradictory versions of the affair given.

The boy who left the piece of ice in the sun to warm up was no more foolish than the man who opened the store and expected people to hunt him out and buy his goods without advertising.

"Yes," said an affectionate mother, "the first year of my daughter's marriage I thought her husband was an angel, and I'm sure that every year since I've worried he was one."

WORRIED.

"You look pale, Gus," said one fashionable to another. "Yes, I am as nervous as a cat." "What is the matter?" "Well, you see, I dreamed last night that I had paid off all my debts, and I am worried to death to know where I got all the money from."

SHOWING HER THE DOOR.

Thomas was a carpenter; but, owing to dullness in trade, he engaged as foot-man at the "big house" in the village. On the day of his engagement his mistress, having a lady visitor in the drawing-room, rang the bell for the footman. "You will show this lady to the front door, Thomas," she said. "Yes, mem," replied Thomas, and, bowing to the lady, he requested her to follow him. On coming to the door he opened it, and the lady was about to pass out, when Thomas, tapping her on the shoulder, remarked, "This is the door, mem; good pitch-pine in it; framed two an' a half inches thick, with raised moldings; wad cost about two pound ten, mem."

SPECIAL LOCALS.

GRAND OPENING THIS WEEK AT

The Old Reliable M. Frankel & Sons.

We have received our entire stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Clothing, Cloaks, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Valises and offer extra inducements this week.

If you are needing anything in our line, do not fail to call on us this week. We intend to make this a Gala week and will save you money on every purchase.

Our Clothing cannot be surpassed in style, quality and price.

Our Dry Goods are cheaper than any in the city and the largest stock to select from.

Our Cloaks were made to our order and we show the greatest variety in the city at the lowest prices.

Our Hats and Caps on the latest styles.

Our Boots and Shoes defy competition.

Our Furnishing Goods can not help but please the most fastidious.

Our Trunks and Valises are better made than any to be shown in this city and same prices as inferior goods. Call on us for Bargains and you shall go away well pleased.

M. Frankel & Sons.

Cloaks! Cloaks!

The Cheapest and the finest line of ladies, Misses and childrens Cloaks at Eastern prices at Jas. Brown's.

Ladies, Ladies, Ladies, if you want a stylish Bonnets or hat call at James Brown's and Mrs. Hart will give you the latest style.

The latest style and the finest line of Dress goods ever brought to Hopkinsville or any other city at Jas. Brown's

To the citizens of Christian and adjoining counties, to the citizens of Kentucky and adjoining States, to the citizens of the U. S. and adjoining countries, to the entire world I say COME! I have room for all!

J. M. HIPKINS.

Excelsior Planing Mills.

We wish to announce to the public that we have on hand a very large stock of all kinds of building material and that we are better prepared to build houses cheaper and quicker than anybody else. We wish to call the special attention of every body to the EXCELSIOR WAGONS on Exhibition at Fair Grounds; for beauty and workmanship they have no equal, it is worth a visit to the fair to see the Excelsior Wagons alone.

FORBES & BRO.

Fair Shirts!

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Nice Neckwear, Half Hose, Drawers, full stock of underwear at J. D. RUSSELL'S.

B. F. Schoenfeld is headquarters for every thing in the Dry Goods line. His stock is the best selected and his prices are cheaper than any merchant in the city. Call and examine his stock on Main St.

NEW STORE!

Go to J. D. Russell's new store and see one of the handsomest stocks of new goods in the market.

Do you want Groceries? M. O. Smith & Co., will sell them to you as low, as good quality and honest quantity will permit.

Dress Goods!

Everything new in Dress Goods and Velvets at J. D. Russell's new store.

Do you want Queensware? M. O. Smith & Co., will sell it to you lower than you ever bought it in this or any other town.

SHOES!

Large stock of Ladies, Misses and Children's fine custom made shoes at Russell's new store.

Attention Visitors!

McCamy, Bonte & Co. have facilities unsurpassed in southern Kentucky for turning out first class work in the carriage line. If you want a number one carriage, rockaway, buggy, barouche, phaeton or any other kind of vehicle in our line do not fail to call on us while you are in the city and let us show our work and quote prices.

McCAMY, BONTE & CO.,
Spring St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

VISITORS

Should all visit the handsome new store of J. D. Russell where they will find one of the most complete stocks of merchandise to be seen. Every department is full.

If you want anything ladies, call at Jas. Brown's.

Carpets, Carpets!

The largest assortment of Carpets in the city and prices lowest at J. D. Russell's.



M. D. KELLY

— IS THE —

Leading Practical Jeweler

OF WESTERN KENTUCKY.

The Largest Stock of Fine Gold and Silver Watches

FROM THE BEST MAKERS.

THE FINEST LOT OF DIAMONDS!

Plain and Fancy Gold Rings, ladies' Neck & Vest Chains, Elegant Bracelets, Lace Pins, Gold and Silver Thimbles, Charms, Gold Pins, Spectacles of all kinds, Silverware, Clocks, &c. Engraving done for the trade. Old Gold and Silver taken in Exchange for goods.

Main Street.

Opposite Court House.

C. W. DUCKER,

FINE

Carriage Manufacturer,

Corner Virginia and Spring Streets.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Call and see me while at the Fair, and examine our

FINE CARRIAGES, ROCKAWAYS, BUGGIES, Etc.

Repairing a Specialty.

DROP IN AT

PETE McCARTY'S

NEW SALOON,

—ON—

RUSSELLVILLE STREET,

Where you can get the best

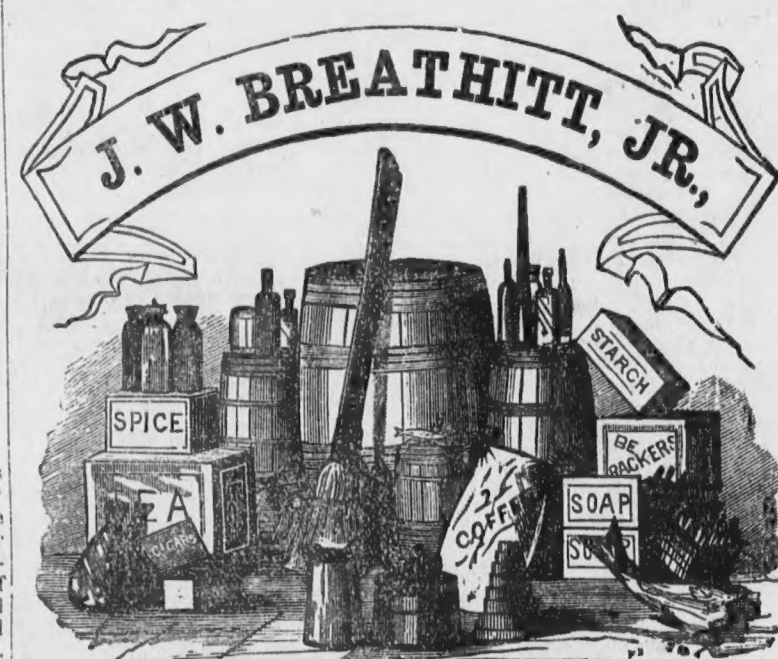
Whiskies, Brandies, Wines,

Champagne,

AND THE BEST SMOKING CIGAR IN THE

CITY.

My Bar will be kept open day and night during the Fair. Drinks of all kinds and descriptions prepared to suit the most fastidious. Call and see me on Russellville Street, opposite M. D. Steele's Blacksmith shop.



Will re-open his Grocery at his former stand,
Corner Clay and Nashville Streets,

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1884,

WITH A NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

PRODUCE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

HANCOCK, FRASER & RAGSDALE,

— PROPRIETORS —

PEOPLE'S TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,

RAILROAD STREET, — — — HOPKINSVILLE,
FRONTING TOBACCO EXCHANGE, — — CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

W. E. RAGSDALE, Salesman, Hopkinsville. | T. R. HANCOCK, Salesman, Clarksville, Tenn.

Liberal Advances on Consignments.

All Tobacco Insured unless otherwise instructed.

Sep26:et 17

